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“JANUARY”

By H. W. McVICKAR.



# XXIV BITS OF VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

*With twelve full-page illustrations by*

*H. W. McVICKAR*

*Together with numerous illustrations by  
other artists.*

EDITED BY  
FREDERICK A. STOKES

*Third Edition.*



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

*The editor has much pleasure in expressing his thanks to Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Walter Learned, Dr. Samuel Min-  
turn Peck, and Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, for their courtesy  
in granting permission for the use of their verses.*

*F. A. S.*

*New York,  
October, 1890.*



FROM "A BALLAD ON A WEDDING."

HER feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light :  
But O! she dances such a way!  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.



Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison ;  
Who sees them is undone ;  
For streaks of red were mingled there  
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,  
Compar'd to that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break  
That they might passage get;  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And are not spent a whit.

*Sir John Suckling.*

## FROM "THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM."

I SAW her at the County Ball :  
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
Of hands across and down the middle,  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that set young hearts romancing ;  
She was our queen, our rose, our star ;  
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;  
Her voice was exquisitely tender ;  
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;  
I never saw a waist so slender !  
Her every look, her every smile,  
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;  
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,  
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;  
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted ;  
Her poodle dog was quite adored,  
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;  
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,  
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;  
She frown'd, and every look was sad,  
As if the Opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—  
I knew that there was nothing in it;  
I was the first—the only one  
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—



I knew it, for she told me so,  
In phrase which was divinely moulded;  
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!  
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,  
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;

Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ; months and years roll'd by ;  
We met again four summers after :  
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;  
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :  
For in my heart's most secret cell  
There had been many other lodgers ;  
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,  
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !

*Winthrop M. Praed.*







“FEBRUARY”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## THE SKATER BELLE.

A LONG the ice I see her fly  
With moonlit tresses blown awry,  
And floating from her twinkling feet  
Are wafted sounds as silvery sweet  
As April winds when May is nigh.

Is it a Naiad coy and shy?  
Or can it be the Lorelei  
Who lures me with her rare deceit?  
It is the hour for magic meet;  
Resist the spell, 'twere vain to try.

Her beauty thrills the earth and sky  
From glowing cheek and flashing eye;  
And as she wanders fair and fleet  
The spangled branches bend to greet  
And wave a kiss as she goes by.

*Samuel Minturn Peck*

## THE CONSTANT LOVER.



OUT upon it, I have lov'd  
Three whole days together ;  
And am like to love three more,—  
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again  
Such a constant lover.





---

But the spite on't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me ;  
Love with me had made no stays  
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place !

*Sir John Suckling.*





“MARCH”

By H. W. McVICKAR.



## MABEL'S MUFF.

**S**HE'S jealous! Does it grieve me? No!  
I'm glad to see my Mabel so,  
*Carina mia!*

Poor Puss! That now and then she draws  
Conclusions, not without a cause,  
Is my idea.

She loves; and I'm prepared to prove  
That jealousy is kin to love  
In constant women.

My jealous Pussy cut up rough  
The day before I bought her muff  
With sable trimming.

These tearful darlings think to quell us  
By being so divinely jealous;  
But I know better.  
Hillo! Who's that? A damsel! Come,  
I'll follow:—no, I can't, for some  
One else has met her.

What fun! He looks "a lad of grace,"  
She holds her muff to hide her face;  
They kiss,—The Sly Puss!  
Hillo! Her muff,—it's trimm'd with sable!  
It's like the muff I gave to Mabel! . . .  
Goodl-o-r-d, SHE'S MY PUSS!

*Frederick Locker.*



## AN EPISODE.

WITH never a word she passed me by,  
With never a look or sign ;  
She silently went her way, and I  
As silently went on mine.



No one could have dreamed who saw her face,  
As we so coldly met,  
That her heart was touched by the faintest trace  
Of memory or regret.

Nor do I think that one apart  
Who watched my tranquil brow,  
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my heart  
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And they need not have guessed or wondered, you see,  
For this was the reason why—  
I didn't know her, and she didn't know me,  
And so—she passed me by.

*Walter Learned.*





“APRIL”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.





## A STREET SKETCH.

(RONDEAU.)

UPON the Kerb, a maiden neat—  
Her hazel eyes are passing sweet—  
There stands and waits in dire distress :  
The muddy road is pitiless,  
And 'busses thunder down the street !

A snowy skirt, all frills and pleat ;  
Two tiny, well-shod, dainty feet  
Peep out, beneath her kilted dress,  
Upon the Kerb.

She'll first advance and then retreat,  
Half-frightened by a hansom fleet.  
She looks around, I must confess,  
With marvellous coquettishness !—  
Then droops her eyes and looks discreet,  
Upon the Kerb !

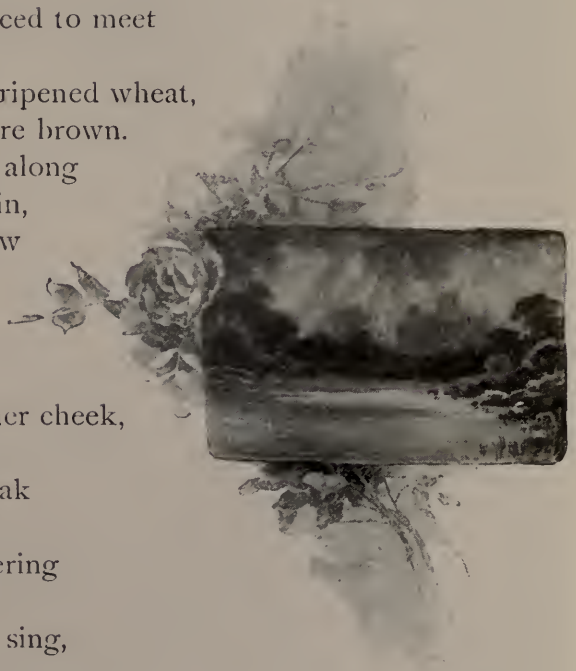
*J. Ashby Sterry.*

## A KISS IN THE RAIN.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet  
A lassie in the town ;  
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,  
Her laughing eyes were brown.  
I watched her as she tripped along  
Till madness filled my brain,  
And then—and then—I know  
'twas wrong—  
I kissed her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,  
Like dew-drops on a rose,  
The little lassie strove to speak  
My boldness to oppose ;  
She strove in vain, and quivering  
Her finger stole in mine ;  
And then the birds began to sing,  
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,  
My heart is light below ;  
'Tis always summer when we love,  
However winds may blow ;



---

And I'm as proud as any prince,  
All honors I disdain :  
She says I am her *rain beau* since  
I kissed her in the rain.

*Samuel Minturn Peck*





“MAY”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## CUPID AT COURT.

YOUNG Cupid strung his bow one day,  
And sallied out for sport ;  
As country hearts were easy prey  
Odds Darts ! he went to court.



Of all that wore the puff and patch,  
Belinda led the fair :  
With falbala, and fan to match,  
I trow she made him stare !

“Oho!” he cried, and quickly drew  
His bow upon the sly ;—  
But though he pierced her bosom through,  
She never breathed a sigh !

This was a turn, beyond a doubt,  
That filled him with amaze,  
And so he sought his mother out,  
With tear-bewildered gaze.

“You silly boy,” Dame Venus said,  
“Why did you waste your art ?  
Go clip your curls and hide your head,—  
Belinda *has* no heart !”

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*



## HER REQUIREMENTS.

(RONDEAU.)

A LOVER'S sighs, said laughing Belle,  
Must with such pain and ardor swell  
That I shall fear his life will end,  
Unless a fav'ring ear I lend.  
Ah, sighs, not words, his love must tell !

And they must bind me with a spell,  
And must be deep and sad as well,—  
All this, if *I* am to commend  
A lover's eyes.

Yet it will all the charm dispel,  
And ring at once love's funeral knell,  
If he's *too small* with me to wend ;  
For sighs and eyes can not amend,  
Nor better, by an inch or ell,  
A lover's size.

*Frederick A. Stokes.*





## “JUNE”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## UNDER THE ROSE.

(TRIOLETS.)

HE (*aside*).

IF I should steal a little kiss,  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?  
I tremble at the thought of bliss,—  
If I should steal a little kiss!  
Such pouting lips would never miss  
The dainty bit of plunder;  
If I should steal a little kiss,  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

SHE (*aside*).

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
He may, if he'll return it:  
If I can read the tender sign,  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine,  
“In love and war”—you know the line  
Why cannot he discern it?  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
He may if he'll return it.

BOTH (*five minutes later*).

A little kiss when no one sees,  
Where is the impropriety?  
How sweet amid the birds and bees

A little kiss when no one sees !  
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,



If taken with sobriety.  
A little kiss when no one sees,  
Where is the impropriety ?

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

## A SWELL.

(BALLADE.)

HIS forehead he fringes and decks  
With carefully cut Montagues ;  
He angles his arms semi-X,  
And dresses in delicate hues ;  
His haunts are the rich avenues ;



Staccato is somewhat his gait ;  
It takes but a wink to amuse  
His sadly impoverished pate.

His costumes are covered with checks ;  
    He travels in taper-toed shoes  
Through Vanity Fair, there to vex  
    The silly young heart that he woos ;  
    He's clever with cards and with cues,  
And banters with Fortune and Fate :  
    Alas, that the lad cannot lose  
His sadly impoverished pate !

He's fond of the frivolous sex ;  
    His light conversation he strews  
With " toffy,"—aught else would perplex  
    The topic his fancy pursues ;  
    The cud of contentment he chews,  
While women and wealth on him wait ;  
    And nature with nothing endues  
His sadly impoverished pate.

## ENVOY.

Fair princesses, all who peruse  
    This ballad, beware ere too late,  
Lest Opulence hear *you* abuse  
    His sadly impoverished pate !

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*





“JULY”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## DOLLIE.

SHE sports a witching gown  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt.  
She is gentle, she is shy;  
But there's mischief in her eye,  
She's a flirt !

She displays a tiny glove,  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe ;  
And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough !  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Past belief :  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that  
In their grief.



It is shocking, I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
    When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
    Little rose?

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

JULY.

(VIRELAI NOUVEAU.)

GOOD-BYE to the Town!—good-bye!  
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!



In the street the flower-girls cry ;  
In the street the water-carts ply ;  
And a fluter, with features a-wry,  
Plays fitfully, “ Scots, wha hae ”—  
And the throat of that fluter is dry ;  
Good-bye to the Town!—good-bye!

And over the roof-tops nigh  
Comes a waft like a dream of the May ;  
And a lady-bird lit on my tie ;  
And a cock-chafer came with the tray ;  
And a butterfly (no one knows why)  
Mistook my Aunt's cap for a spray ;  
And "next door" and "over the way"  
The neighbors take wing and fly :  
Hurrah ! for the sea and the sky !

To Buxton, the waters to try,—  
To Buxton goes old Mrs. Bligh ;  
And the Captain to Homburg and play  
Will carry his cane and his eye ;  
And even Miss Morgan Lefay  
Is flitting—to far Peckham Rye ;  
And my Grocer has gone—in a "Shay,"  
And my Tailor has gone—in a "Fly;"—  
Good-bye to the Town !—good-bye !

And it's O for the sea and the sky !  
And it's O for the boat and the bay !  
For the white foam whirling by,  
And the sharp, salt edge of the spray !  
For the wharf where the black nets fry,  
And the wrack and the oarweed sway !  
For the stroll when the moon is high  
To the nook by the Flag-house gray !  
For the *risus ab angulo* shy  
From the Some-one we designate "Di !"  
For the moment of silence,—the sigh !  
"How I *dote* on a Moon !" "So do I !"  
For the token we snatch on the sly

---

(With nobody there to say Fie !)  
Hurrah ! for the sea and the sky !

So Phillis, the fawn-footed, hie  
For a hansom. Ere close of the day  
Between us a " world " must lie,—  
Good-bye to the Town !—GOOD-BYE !  
Hurrah ! for the sea and the sky !

*Austin Dobson.*







## "AUGUST"

By H. W. McVICKAR.



## ON NEWPORT BEACH

(RONDEAU.)

ON Newport beach there ran right merrily,  
In dainty navy blue clothed to the knee,  
Thence to the foot in white *au naturel*,  
A little maid. Fair was she, truth to tell,  
As Oceanus' child Callirrhoë.



In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee  
Keen scallops tinct with faint hues, such as be  
    In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell  
                    On Newport Beach.

There was a bather of the species *hc*,  
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea ;  
    Rushing to help her through the billowy swell,  
    He set his sole upon the little shell,  
And heaped profanely phraséd obloquy  
                    On Newport Beach.

*H. C. Bunner*

## MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

*She has dancing eyes and ruby lips,  
Delightful boots—and away she skips.*

THEY nearly strike me dumb,—  
I tremble when they come  
Pit-a-pat :  
This palpitation means  
These Boots are Geraldine's—  
Think of that !

O, where did hunter win  
So delicate a skin  
For her feet ?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perish'd, so you did,  
For my Sweet.

The faery stitching gleams  
On the sides, and in the seams,  
And reveals  
That the Pixies were the wags  
Who tipt these funny tags,  
And these heels.

What soles to charm an elf !—  
Had Crusoe, sick of self,  
Chanced to view

One printed near the tide,  
O, how hard he would have tried  
For the two!



For Gerry's debonair,  
And innocent and fair  
As a rose ;  
She's an Angel in a frock,  
She's an Angel with a clock  
To her hosé!

The simpletons who squeeze  
Their pretty toes to please  
Mandarins,

Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*  
To Geraldine's were frights;  
And I trow  
The Damsel, deftly shod  
Has dutifully trod  
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)  
These to don,  
Set your dainty hand awhile  
On my shoulder, Dear, and I'll  
Put them on.

*Frederick Locker.*







## “SEPTEMBER”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## THE "STAY-AT-HOME'S" PLAINT.

THE Spring has grown to Summer ;  
The sun is fierce and high ;  
The city shrinks, and withers  
Beneath the burning sky.  
Ailantus trees are fragrant,  
And thicker shadows cast,  
Where berry-girls, with voices shrill,  
And watering carts go past.

In offices like ovens  
We sit without our coats ;  
Our cuffs are moist and shapeless  
No collars bind our throats.  
We carry huge umbrellas  
On Broad Street and on Wall,  
Oh, how thermometers go up !  
And, oh, how stocks *do* fall !  
Along the scented hedge-rows,  
Among the green old trees,  
Are blooming city faces  
'Neath rosy-lined pongees.

They're cottaging at Newport ;  
They're bathing at Cape May ;  
In Saratoga's ball-rooms  
They dance the hours away.

Their voices through the quiet  
 Of haunted Catskill break ;  
 Or rouse those dreamy dryads,  
 The nymphs of Echo Lake.

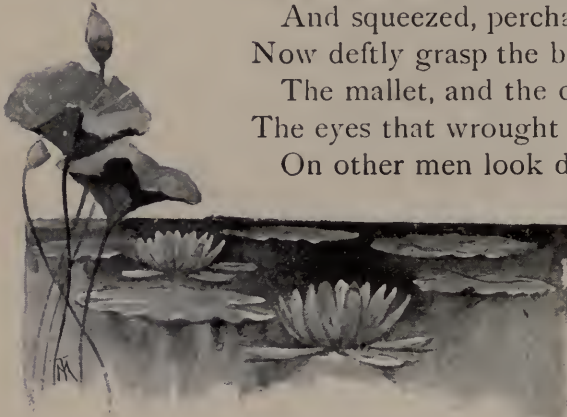
The hands we've led through Germans,  
 And squeezed, perchance, of yore,  
 Now deftly grasp the bridle,  
 The mallet, and the oar.  
 The eyes that wrought our ruin  
 On other men look down ;

We're but the broken play-  
 things  
 They've left behind in  
 town.

The nights are full of mu-  
 sic,  
 Melodious Teuton troops

Beguile us, calmly smoking,  
 On balconies and stoops.  
 With eyes half-shut, and dreamy,  
 We watch the fire-flies' spark,  
 And image far-off faces,  
 As day dies into dark.

The avenue is lonely,  
 The houses choked with dust ;  
 The shutters, barred and bolted,  
 The bell-knobs all a-rust.  
 No blossom-like Spring dresses,  
 No faces young and fair,  
 From " Dickel's " to " The Brunswick,"  
 No promenader there.



The girls we used to walk with  
Are far away, alas!  
The feet that kissed its pavement  
Are deep in country grass.  
Oh, happy Gran'dame Nature,  
Whose wandering children come  
To light with happy faces  
The dear old mother-home,  
Be tender with our darlings,  
Each merry maiden bears  
Such love and longing with her—  
Men's lives are wrapped in theirs.

*George A. Baker.*

## A VACATION VILLANELLE.



O HALCYON hours of happy holiday,  
When frets of function and of fashion  
flee

(Sweet is the sunshine, soft the summer's sway).  
Ye whisper "welcome" to our wandering way,  
And give a gracious greeting to our glee,  
O halcyon hours of happy holiday !

Or pacing prairies in pursuit of prey,  
Or sailing silent on a southern sea  
(Sweet is the sunshine, soft the summer's sway),  
Or gliding giddy down some glacier gray,  
Or joining in a German jubilee,  
O halcyon hours of happy holiday !

We breathe such buoyant bliss that we betray  
Our sportive spirits strangely—*sans souci*  
Sweet is the sunshine, soft the summer's sway,  
And dear the dreaming of these days *distracts*  
We find we ye, so *fainéants* and free,  
O halcyon hours of happy holiday !

*Cotsford Dick.*



“OCTOBER”

By H. W. McVICKAR.





## ROTTEN ROW.

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,  
As well as much that's gay ;  
I'd like the country if I could ;  
I love the Park in May :  
And when I ride in Rotten Row,  
I wonder why they call'd it so.

A lively scene on turf and road ;  
The crowd is bravely drest :  
The *Ladies' Mile* has overflow'd,  
The chairs are in request :  
The nimble air, so soft, so clear,  
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath those pleasant trees—  
And drop my bridle-rein,  
And, quite alone, indulge at ease  
The philosophic vein :  
I'll moralize on all I see—  
Yes, it was all arranged for me !

Forsooth, and on a livelier spot  
The sunbeam never shines.  
Fair ladies here can talk and trot  
With statesmen and divines :  
Could I have chosen, I'd have been  
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.



What grooms ! What gallant gentlemen !  
What well-appointed hacks !  
What glory in their pace, and then  
What Beauty on their backs !  
My Pegasus would never flag  
If weighted as my Lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop  
That once rode laughing by ?  
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,  
The laugh of Lady Di :  
They all could laugh from night to morn,  
And Time has laugh'd them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van  
With dukes and dandy earls ;  
Then I was thought a *nice* young man  
By rather *nice* young girls !  
I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,  
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no—I'll linger here awhile,  
And dream of days of yore ;  
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,  
The sunny smile they wore :—  
Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,  
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

*Frederick Locker.*

## FROM "A LETTER OF ADVICE.

*From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour in London."*

YOU tell me you're promised a lover,  
My own Araminta, next week ;  
Why cannot my fancy discover  
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?  
Alas ! if he look like another,  
A vicar, a banker, a beau,  
Be deaf to your father and mother,  
My own Araminta, say " No !"

O think of our favorite cottage,  
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !  
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,  
And drank of the stream from the brook ;  
How fondly our loving lips falter'd  
" What further can grandeur bestow ?"  
My heart is the same ;—is yours alter'd ?  
My own Araminta, say " No !"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,  
If he comes to you riding a cob,  
If he talks of his baking or brewing,  
If he puts up his feet on the hob,  
If he ever drinks port after dinner,  
If his brow or his breeding is low,  
If he calls himself " Thompson" or " Skinner,"  
My own Araminta, say " No !"



If he studies the news in the papers  
 While you are preparing the tea,  
 If he talks of the damps or the vapors  
 While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
 If he's sleepy, while you are capricious,  
 If he has not a muscial "Oh!"  
 If he does not call Werther delicious,—  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
 If he does not look grand on his knees,  
 If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
 Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,  
 If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
 If he likes not to hear the blasts blow,  
 If he knows not the language of flowers,—  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story  
 Come down from the home of his rest,  
 He must smile—like the sun in his glory  
 On the buds he loves ever the best;  
 And oh! from its ivory portal  
 Like music his soft speech must flow!—  
 If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

*Winthrop M. Præd.*



“NOVEMBER”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.



## A COQUETTE.

(BALLADE.)

SHE wears a most bewitching bang,—  
Gold curls made captive in a net ;  
Her dresses with precision hang ;  
Her hat observes the stylish set ;  
She has a poodle for a pet,  
And drives a dashing drag and pōny :  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.



Her phrases all are fraught with slang,  
The very latest she can get ;  
She sings the songs that Patience sang,  
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"  
And, in a waltz, perhaps, might let  
You squeeze her hand, with gems all  
stony :

I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,  
Nor known a momentary fret ;  
Want never wounds her with his fang ;  
She likes to run Papa in debt ;  
She'll smoke a slender cigarette  
*Sub rosa* with a favored crony :

I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

## ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!  
She has no thoughts of matrimony:  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*



## TIME'S REVENGE.

WHEN I was ten and she fifteen—  
Ah, me, how fair I thought her !  
She treated with disdainful mien  
The homage that I brought her.  
And, in a patronizing way,  
Would of my shy advances say :  
“ It's really quite absurd, you see ;  
He's very much too young for me.”

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—  
Well, well ! how old she's growing !  
I fancy that my suit might thrive  
If pressed again ; but owing  
To great discrepancy in age,  
Her marked attentions don't engage  
My young affections, for, you see,  
She's really quite too old for me.

*Walter Larned.*



“DECEMBER”

BY H. W. McVICKAR.

## HER CHINA CUP.

(RONDEAU.)

**H**ER china cup is white and thin ;  
A thousand times her heart has been  
Made merry at its scalloped brink ;  
And in the bottom, painted pink,  
A dragon greets her with a grin.



The brim her kisses loves to win ;  
The handle is a manikin,  
    Who spies the foes that chip or chink  
                    Her china cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin :  
I watch her lift it past her chin  
    Up to the scarlet lips and drink  
    The Oolong draught, somehow I think  
I'd like to be the dragon in  
                    Her china cup.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## A RONDEAU TO ETHEL.

"IN teacup-times!" The style of dress  
Would suit your beauty, I confess;  
BELINDA-like, the patch you'd wear;  
I picture you with powdered hair,—  
You'd make a charming Shepherdess!



And I—no doubt—could well express  
SIR PLUME's complete conceitedness,—  
Could poise a clouded cane with care  
"In teacup-times!"

The parts would fit precisely—yes :  
We should achieve a huge success !  
    You should disdain and I despair,  
    With quite the true Augustan air ;  
But . . . could I love you more, or less,—  
        “ In teacup-times ? ”

*Austin Dobson.*



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